dear,

The Innis Herald

V61 E1

September 9, 2025

V61 2025–26
The Innis Herald

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The Innis Herald acknowledges this land on which both the University of Toronto and Innis College operate. For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, it is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work in and on Tkaronto.

Letter from the Editor

Julian Apolinario

Dear Readers,

My name is Julian Apolinario, your Editor-In-Chief for Volume 61 of the Innis Herald, and it is my distinct pleasure to present Edition 1 of V61.

The newspaper you are holding in your hands does not consist of only the articles printed in ink. Rather, the Herald is constituted of the tireless work of *people*: our writers, artists, editors, designers, communications team, and even you readers, who are taking the time to look over these words. In an age where Artificial Intelligence looms like a spectre over public and private life, it heartens me to see the original work that has been submitted for this first issue of the Herald, and the subsequent editions to be published this year give me hope for the future of human - and student - creation.

The Herald, and student newspapers in general, have long been a source of hope for me throughout my time in University. I can confidently say that my time at U of T can be split into BN (Before Newspaper) and AN (After Newspaper) dates, with many of my fondest memories coming AH (After Herald). If you have not had the chance to do so yet, I urge you to seek community at the University. Even if you are shy, or a commuter, or have other pressing commitments of your time, I must heavily recommend that you find a group of people who you like and do something with, in an organized or disorganized fashion. It can make all the difference in your postsecondary experience. And, out of all of the many, many groups there are to join, I cannot more strongly suggest to you that the Innis Herald should be your number one option.

With October 2025 fast approaching, we are mere weeks away from the Herald marking its 60th anniversary of existence, with V1E1 being published in October of 1965. That marks the Diamond Anniversary of the Herald, a milestone I am both pleased to see that the Herald has reached, and that I am honoured to have the opportunity to oversee. As someone who came into the University of Toronto in 2022, fresh from the lockdowns, I am happy to be entering my fourth year at a campus that is teeming with student life. Having had a look at Innis' first years, I have a feeling the Herald will be in good hands for the next 60 volumes as well.

I leave you for now, with the wise words of my predecessor, who I think was able to sum up the spirit of the Herald in a single sentence:

Hot people read the *Herald*, hotter people contribute to the *Herald*, and the hottest people run the *Herald*.

I'll see you hot people in the next one.

Yours,

Julian Apolinario

Editor-In-Chief

The Innis Mosaic

In the 70s, the Innis Mosaic was a way for the Herald community to share their thoughts or stories across the college and campus, from confessions to updates, if not bar recommendations. Here were some of the best from previous issues. 2025 people, tell us what you have to say by submitting at the link in our Instagram bio, @theinnisherald.

"Innis Herald Layout Editor: "Why Does the Garg have to be so quirky and different. They are making my life a living hell with all these unicode characters."

"My mental state is on a need to know basis, and my brain has decided that I don't need to know." - a future doctor

Overheard at Innis College: "I watched Interstellar, when it first came out, left the hall and immediately went into labour"

Sam talks about her workout routine, and mentions the stairmaster. Yash overhears her, and as someone who does not exercise, jumps in to question her and ask, "Who's the stairmaster?"

"Innisians' newest makeout spot: the current Herald office (a storage closet in the Residence)."

Overheard and agreed with: "No, sorry, I only steal ethically. You know, from frats."

"Lately I've been getting really into applesauce." "Old age hit you like a train, huh?"

"Robarts is a different plane of existence after 12. I saw a guy wearing Apple Goggles just clicking his fingers staring off into space. We're in the dystopia"

"Amid a game of bananagrams at 12am, Ryan goes, "I fear I may be bleeding after all.

"Everyone send Simba hate mail because he hates cheese. It's not even that cheese hates him. He can tolerate lactose, he's just a hater." "Except on pizza!"

The College's newest make-out spot: the bike cage in the underground parking garage beneath Residence. Tried and tested: 7/10. An excellent place to secure a kiss. Alternatively, an excellent place to secure a bike if you are a cyclist (you do not kiss)

"MAT157 is a bird course (unironic)"

Innis College's new make-out spot: trespass inside the gated construction for the expansion project. Tried and tested: 6.9/10. 10/10 if you like loud sounds and dust debris.

"I NEED MONEYYY" - Innis College Student Society VP Finance. ICSS council members, they're just like us!

I love downtown so much this residence doesn't feel downtown enough. How much rent is a cardboard box?

Megalopolis REALLY sucks. I'm sorry Marty.

The Gendered Insanity of 1940s Women in Film

Arjen Karaoglan

REVIEW

The 1940s were a contradictory era for American women. With World War II disrupting traditional domestic roles, women were simultaneously empowered yet scrutinized. They were welcomed into the workforce out of necessity, yet feared for their growing autonomy at home. Hollywood cinema captured this tension through stories of women who were "too much": too sexual, too emotional, too independent. Labelling such women as "crazy" became a convenient narrative element to reassert masculine control and reinforce the boundaries of acceptable femininity. Women of this era were typically cast as either saintly homemakers or dangerously unstable femmes fatales, with little variety in between. Madness, whether psychological, supernatural, or emotional, was an easy diagnosis for those who challenged male authority or disrupted domestic stability. Films like *Leave Her to Heaven* (1945), *Cat People* (1942), and *I Married a Witch* (1942) offer three distinct, stylized portraits of "crazy" women that are representative of wartime gender anxieties of that era in America

Leave Her to Heaven (1945)

John M. Stahl's *Leave Her to Heaven* features one of the most overt portrayals of the "crazy" woman in 1940s cinema. Gene Tierney's Ellen Berent is a character whose beauty is matched only by her obsessive, destructive possessiveness. Her emotional world revolves around her husband, Richard, to the point that any perceived intrusion—whether from his disabled younger brother, their unborn child, or a former partner—triggers acts of violence.

Ellen allows Richard's disabled brother to drown, orchestrates a miscarriage by throwing herself down the stairs, and ultimately commits suicide as a final act of manipulation. Unlike subtler depictions of emotional instability, Ellen is portrayed as fully "crazy." What makes her portrayal even more disturbing is how the film makes a cinematic spectacle out of her madness. As a rare Technicolour noir, *Leave Her to Heaven* heightens Ellen's visual allure. Her perfectly composed image sharply contrasts with her escalating cruelty. Her insanity is glamorized, drawing the audience in even as the narrative condemns her.

The gender politics here are clear. Ellen's desire and attempt to control every aspect of her world (her marriage, her body, her home) is framed as monstrous. She becomes a warning about the dangers of unchecked women's autonomy. Her ultimate punishment, death and the invalidation of her love, restores the expected patriarchal hierarchy as Richard gets together with a more conventional woman. And yet, for all the film's efforts to denounce her, it remains fascinated by Ellen. She is more vibrant than any other character, including her husband. The camera punishes Ellen, but it also never looks away.

Cat People (1942)

In *Cat People*, directed by Jacques Tourneur, Simone Simon stars as Irena, a Serbian immigrant who believes that sexual arousal will cause her to transform into a panther and kill. The film is built on shadows, suspense, and suggestion, avoiding showing the monster for psychological ambiguity. Irena's "madness" is never clearly defined. She may be delusional, or she may genuinely transform. This ambiguity is the film's greatest strength.

The real horror lies not in whether her belief is true, but in how others respond to it. Her husband, Oliver, quickly grows impatient with her anxieties and turns his affection to another woman, while a psychiatrist dismisses her fears as childish superstition. In this unsympathetic environment, Irena's inability to conform sexually, emotionally, and culturally is pathologized. She is isolated and infantilized, but never vindicated. Her attempts to seek help are met with condescension, and her final act is self-sacrifice—killing herself in a way that both validates the myth of her transformation and punishes her for her failure to assimilate into the normative expectations of American womanhood.

From a gendered lens, *Cat People* explores the classic, cultural fear of women's sexuality: that they are irrational, unknowable, and dangerous. Irena is portrayed as a tragic figure, her madness bound to her femininity and cultural otherness. Made in a wartime society in which women were stepping into unfamiliar public roles, Irena reflects the fear that such shifts could unleash "wild and primitive" women's instincts. Her desires make her dangerous, and her destruction restores social order.

I Married a Witch (1942)

In René Clair's supernatural romantic comedy *I Married a Witch,* the beautiful Veronica Lake plays Jennifer, a 17th-century witch resurrected in modern-day America to get revenge on a descendant of the Puritan who executed her. Unlike Ellen or Irena, Jennifer's "madness" is not pathological or tragic, but rather playful and captivating. Her instability comes in the form of unpredictability and whimsy. She drinks her own love potion, falls in love with Wallace Wooley, the very man she sought to ruin, and hesitates between vengeance and affection.

Jennifer's magical powers function as a metaphor for women's power and autonomy, expressed through seduction, witchcraft, and emotional freedom. However, the film ultimately suggests that such independence must be surrendered. Her narrative arc concludes with domestic bliss, as Jennifer becomes a devoted wife and mother, her powers seemingly neutralized by marriage.

The treatment of madness in *I Married a Witch* differs in tone but not in trajectory. Jennifer's "insanity" is an eccentric deviation from rational behaviour that exists only to be corrected by heterosexual love. In this way, *I Married a Witch* expresses a subtler version of the same message delivered in *Leave Her to Heaven* and *Cat People*: women's autonomy must be tamed, whether by death or domesticity. What is different is that Jennifer's transition is coded as romantic fulfillment rather than moral consequence. Her "madness" is rendered harmless, turned into an extension of women's charm rather than a threat.

This narrative reflects broader wartime anxieties. As women filled jobs vacated by enlisted men, films like *I Married a Witch* flirted with women's power only to reabsorb it into conventional domesticity. The humour of Jennifer's insanity allows audiences to laugh at women's rebellion while neutralizing its implications, reinforcing the message that women who resist traditional roles must be brought back into alignment—preferably with a smile and a wedding ring.

And yet, these characters are often the most compelling elements of their films. Their "insanity" gives them narrative agency, emotional range, and visual power. Audiences are drawn to their beauty, complexity, and tragedy. In this way, the films also offer glimpses of resistance. These women may be punished, reformed, or erased, but they are never forgotten.

New Branches for the Acacia Cafe: Overview and Review

Julian Apolinario
STUDENT LIFE

Sections of the interview have been edited for length and clarity.

With recent expansion in the form of a second location at the UTSU Student Commons building, the Acacia Cafe continues to grow. However, Acacia's roots at the University of Toronto stretch back decades, and were firmly planted at Innis College until their uprooting in 2023 due to construction. Now, with the Acacia Cafe established at both Wycliffe College and the Student Commons, this campus favourite has entered a new era of growth and success.

The *Herald* covered the cafe's transition from Innis to Wycliffe in Jesse McDougall's 2024 article, "The Acacia Cafe blooms at new Wycliffe location." Founded by Gunash and Ali Shahidi in 2000, the Shahidi family continues to own and operate Acacia, entrusting management to their son, Damon Shahidi, and to other key employees outside of the family. I spoke to Carol, the manager of Acacia's Student Commons location, to learn more about what Acacia has in store for the future, taking the time to sample their offerings.

Carol has worked at the Acacia Cafe since 2022, back when it was called the Innis Cafe. She spoke about the love they had for the location at Innis, reflecting on the transition and rebranding into Acacia.

> "Innis was like our second home, so we were very sad, even though we had only known the place for one year." She went on to note that leaving was especially difficult "because of the customers ... and because we knew that we had healthy food and affordable food, and that's something really important for the campus. Because right now, you cannot find that kind of food around, and it's so expensive, or it's trash."

She also referenced the petition from postdoc Sanchia deSouza exhorting U of T to ensure that Acacia would find a new home at the university, receiving 4,460 signatures. Carol explained that they "felt the love of everyone, and after 23 years, at the time, it was a lot. It was really important to us." While she spoke positively about the transition into Wycliffe College and the support they received, Carol described the process as bittersweet.

> "We had to change the name, that was very hard," she admitted. "Because people knew us as 'Innis' ... We have history over there ... We really love them, and we understood that they had to do the construction. But we are also happy to find this new family, because the people in Wycliffe are lovely."

Though there was clearly affection for Carol's time at Wycliffe, as the manager of the Commons location, she made it clear that "I am also building a story here." Acacia's new location stands out from its Wycliffe menu with a greater focus on sweets and bowls, moving away from some of Wycliffe's savoury options. Carol painted a picture of collaboration and autonomy when discussing how the Acacia team was able to work with architects to design their ideal location at the Commons. She also pointed out their new espresso machine and designed graphics, some of which were painted by a member of the staff of Acacia.

Something that stood out to me about the cafe is that many of its staff members were educated at the postsecondary level. Carol has her degree in anthropology, while others have studied in fields ranging from marketing to engineering. There is currently one University of Toronto student working at the Acacia Cafe, as well. As a business operating in academic spaces, I find it very encouraging that the people who provide nourishment for students and professors have also studied some of the same programs offered by this institution, providing an even deeper connection between Acacia and the university.

I have been going to the Acacia Cafe at Wycliffe since mid-2024, and I have not once been disappointed by their food, drink, or atmosphere. When I sat down at their new location to order, I was struck by the departure from Wycliffe's aesthetics. Gone were the low wooden tables and benches of the "refectory" space, as well as the enormous windows letting in sunshine. In their place were couches and bar-style seating, as well as a number of small tables, standing like islands amidst the stark whiteness of the Commons building.

I decided that to get a well-rounded perspective of what the cafe offered, I would try an entrée, a dessert, and a coffee. I ended up selecting an espresso macchiato, a slice of banana bread, and a chicken burrito. The macchiato was robust and warm, extremely satisfying. The banana bread came in a sizable chunk, and was both fresh and moist despite being ordered well into the afternoon. It was not overwhelmingly sweet, but the flavour of the chocolate still shone through; a delicate dessert balancing act that was pulled off flawlessly. The burrito, covered in melted cheese and packed to the gills with chicken and vegetables, was not only satisfying, but also reflected the Acacia Cafe's commitment to making fresh and healthy food accessible.

As my interview with Carol wrapped up, I had one burning question left to ask her: *will the Acacia Cafe ever return to its original home at Innis College?*

> "I'm not sure about it," she concluded. "It was hard to catch our old customers when we moved. Now that we have the customers back, it will be hard to get them back to the other store. If they want us, we can maybe think to open a third location, but we don't know yet."

Selfishly, it would make me very happy to see Acacia return to Innis College in some way, shape, or form, but what the Shahidi family and the cafe's staff have done independently is absolutely remarkable. While the Innis Cafe is no more, its legacy spreads across the University of Toronto like the growing roots of the acacia tree, bringing their high quality food and high quality service to a wider audience than before.

You Can't FOMO Me Into Having Fun (and Other Cynical Observations About Summer)

Tiana Severiano

OPINION

There's a growing stereotype that Torontonians are obsessed with lines. Not just the subway lines we cling to as they vanish from our maps – but the act of lining up. Come summer, when the humidity sticks and the air thickens between condo towers, we find ourselves queuing willingly for the newest seasonal garbage rolled out by boutique franchise chains. It's as if, to keep us from fleeing the smoggy sprawl, these companies bait us with pastel-toned novelties just long enough to make us forget we're sweating through our Dr. Martens loafers.

There's something sinister about the way "neighbourhood" corporate cafés can churn out sterilised microtrends as if they were culinary events. It's both disturbing and weirdly compelling. Case in point: banana. Banana matcha. Banana pudding. Banana boba. In real time, the fad has drifted from dainty bows and dusty pinks to docile berries and now butter yellow, as if everyone's collective Pinterest board was curated for an Architectural Digest baby nursery. It feels almost infantilising that I'm still enamoured with the cutesy gimmicks of a colourful latte or a fuzzy collectable figure dangling from someone's Uniqlo purse.

We line up – desperately – for deli sandwiches, pizza, burgers, ice cream, and lattes. Some might say it's because these are *achievable* luxuries, the kind we can justify in place of the premade salad budgeted into a notes app grocery list. Or maybe it's about connection, to the shrill, persuasive voice of Instagram reels insisting that the new strawberry Dubai tanghulu matcha in Kensington Market is "to die for." Or maybe it's just about being *part* of it. The same way we scroll past photos of acquaintances posing on balconies with skyline views and assume they're part of the nightlife, or see them on a dark street in a grainy digital camera post outside a closed pharmacy ripping a dart. We're just fascinated with *being there*, or at least the thought of a summer utopia.

If you wish to be elsewhere, there's no shortage of influencers ready to tell you that, with just a short drive out of the city, "hidden gems" await around every corner. "*Run, don't walk to this oasis, just 45 minutes from downtown!*" In reality, that's the commute to a Best Buy parking lot in North York. These desperate grabs for traction seem designed with disappointment in mind. Every beach within a two-hour radius is either filthy, crowded, overpriced, or the domain of that one wealthy friend who grew up in the GTA playing AA hockey and summers at a well-maintained cottage with a pontoon. For everyone else, it's a trap.

The baseline expectation a hardworking university student has for the summer is simply: *have fun*. But beyond "fun," there are no instructions. No roadmap for maintaining a sense of purpose once the academic machine stops measuring your value by deliverables and deadlines. Summer depression becomes the natural consequence of perfectionism. Every high-strung student knows the pattern: you permit yourself to rest (only so you can continue maintaining the unsustainable pace at which you work) and then feel uprooted now that your structure has disappeared. Who am I if I'm not emailing my TA for an extension just to spend four more hours rewording one out-of-place idea? When did my presence shift from valuable and insightful to nonexistent? The roles I fill within the confines of the academic year simply vanish.

There's a balance, though. Take a summer course, an internship, a part-time job, or a volunteer gig to pass the time, maybe even make a little money. Fight for that position, network your way into visibility, and leverage your time by building a future career like the start of a Jenga game. Or, like me, pin the weight of your future on the idea of grad school.

You know things are getting serious when your calendar app stops being about appointments and shifts into something else entirely: a feed of positive affirmations meant to remind you that you're still a person. "Wake up and see goodness in the world" is followed by "remember to eat and nourish your body," then "get to your afternoon shift, you are a valuable part of a team." Which is, of course, what it *would* look like if I had a job. Instead, I've spent so much time at Service Ontario that it practically feels like a job. Or maybe a deli. There's a lot of waiting, anticipation, and frustration, but at least you get your very own number. You're accounted for, swallowed into the greater sea of angry people.

Like dancing at a club when the photographer's making the rounds, being at Service Ontario requires a kind of performance. You wear a face, forcing camaraderie with the people around you. Pretending you hate it just as much as everyone else, even if you're secretly grateful for the spare time to skim that book chapter your professor recommended months ago, still bookmarked on Internet Archive. That is, until the prose starts reading too uncomfortably academic, and you find yourself back on Google searching, "*movies that won't make me cry.*"

There is hope, though, for us who are depressed and OSAP-reliant. Vendor markets, open-air concerts, and sitting on grass at very specific times of day are a student's liberty. All you need is a tattered blanket, a good outfit, and a preroll to feel like Christie Pits herself.

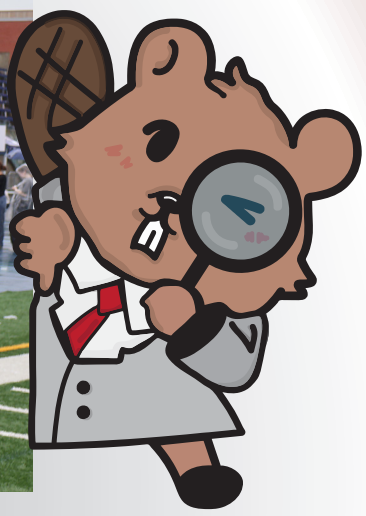
Go to Trinity Bellwoods. Loiter. Feed an off-leash Labrador blueberries while its owner is distracted by the kid who just kicked a soccer ball too close to their partner. Watch unattended children protectively from the corner of your eye until their parents materialise out of thin air. Forget to pack a granola bar in your tote and rock back and forth trying to accept that you'll have to leave your spot to buy an overpriced bag of all-dressed chips. Get stared at by the old guy in the "Make Dundas Portuguese Again" shirt and wonder if he's checking you out, or if he's realised he's your distant cousin. (He is. Shoutout João Marcelo.)

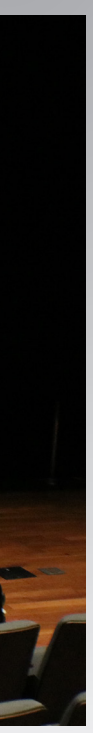
There is a strange charm, something almost tender, in this brief bout of depersonalisation. It reveals the polarities of your own humanness: that even at your lowest functioning, simply trying to cope with the sweltering heat and suffocating expectations, you can still recognise summer as a temporary spell. You still have a future to return to once the months pass. You begin to understand who you want to be come fall. And you accept that your future self will look back on this version of you and consider you an idiot for not savouring it more.

Then, of course, the cycle repeats.

MISSION INNpossible

Averyn Ngan





Orientation 2025

"... ever again"

Leon

Hello Herald 92.0 FM listeners, did you know that a recent survey revealed that *83% of students at UofT have experienced heartbreak* in some capacity? Well, that's probably false since I just made that up, but you know what *isn't*?

The *prominence* of heartbreak.

Many individuals associate heartbreak with *romantic relationships*, but there's so much more to it. A loved one moving away? That's *heartbreak*. Another Grammarly ad interrupting your YouTube binge-watch session? That's still a case of *heartbreak*. Running out of ideas for things to add to a list about heartbreak? Utter *heartbreak*. I'm no song expert, but in my unprofessional, non-expert, and biased opinion, the fact of the matter is nothing—and I mean *nothing*—depicts heartbreak better than the song "Time Goes 'Bye'" by Jex Nwalor.

Now, only one question remains: why? Buckle your seatbelts if you haven't already done so, 'cause I'll be divulging how this song is relevant to me, and perhaps along the way, you'll realize that you might not be so different.

Let me ask you something: who is somebody you haven't seen in *years*? We all have that *one* person who comes to mind: maybe it's a long-distance relative, an ex-situationship, or a friend. For me, that person is a family friend.

Out of respect for his privacy, I won't be sharing the intimate details about his situation nor his real name.

"Noel" was that person to me. And can I just say, wow, it brings me great pain to even write an alias. And yes, it's very meta of me to comment on something I just "wrote" when I have an audience (you) and the theme of this piece is me pouring my heart out to to "listeners" of a radio show, but this is reality, *my* reality; I want you to *feel* the words that are coming out of my mouth. "Random", "words", "say", "I don't know"—that was just some *jargon* that popped into my head, so maybe not those words, but I want you to feel the following: Noel is a family friend of mine, or rather…

Noel *was* a family friend.

He's *gone*—he's moved to a *secluded* place,

And I won't see him, *ever again*,
And I can't speak to him, *ever again*.

Again, this is *my* reality. This is the world I'm currently living in—a world *without* Noel.

Noel and I weren't too close—our relationship was that of cousins who would occasionally meet at family reunions; we *always* enjoyed each other's company but wouldn't keep in touch. As we grew older, so would the time between each reunion, until eventually, no more would be had. But this fissure was different; it was abrupt and would last… indefinitely.

When heartbreak enters our lives, it takes away time and also reminds us of the time that *could've* been.

What if I had…? Why didn't I…?

We can keep thinking about hypothetical scenarios, but that won't change anything.

I need nothing more than the title of the song "Time Goes 'Bye'" —which is also one of the lyrics— to describe this situation, or any situation pertaining to heartbreak for that matter: whether or not we like it, time will always be moving, and although we have strings attaching us to *that person*, it's up to us to tug on those strings every once in awhile, before *it's too late*.

Moral of the story: Contact *that person*, and it may be the Barnum Effect, but somebody definitely comes to your mind when I say that. Whether it be a text, call or a peck on the cheek, check in with *that person* before the hotel lights inevitably turn off.

We've come a long way, haven't we—hasn't it felt like time flew by, or dare I say, time flew "bye"? (sorry, not sorry)

Thanks for having me on Herald 92.0 FM!

Next up: "Time Goes 'Bye'" by Jex Nwalor!

Summer heat

Jai Mann

SHORT FICTION

The air conditioner needs to be repaired, and one of us needs to go alert the concierge. The windows are making this hot oven of an apartment a deathtrap. Outside during daytime is no better. Perhaps it's why we spent all that time sharing drinks last night, savouring what we could. Yet the sun has made its grand reappearance, trying to stare us down through the gaps in the blinds, not a cloud in sight. My head pounds like someone is standing on it.

We sit across from each other, just trying to eat a late lunch, drinking the milk out of our cereal with our spoons, as we both have a distaste towards water. Neither of us talking to the other. The room is filled by the heat and humidity. The last few days we've been stuck under summer heat's spell, too hot to sleep, too slow to be fully awake, in-between consciousness and alertness, while groggily drifting.

I watch you try to lazily stir the cereal out of the way. The metal spoon starts tapping on the sides.

Clank clink

I can feel pressure tighten my chest.

Then you do it again. It's such a pointless thing to do.

Clank clink

I can tell my face is flushed, as I try to swallow my heart, which starts to feel rushed.

Then you do it again, as if to make a habit out of it.

Clank clink

"What's wrong with you?" My tone is harsh as I didn't even realize I had thought up words to say.

Your eyes dart up, looking just as agitated as I.

Then on purpose.

Clank clink

My teeth click, and I spill my words like vomit. Not anything I can remember, not anything I would repeat. It was the heat of the moment that caused my voice to work faster than my thoughts. But to fight fire with fire, your words break through the thickness of the space in retort, scratching the nerves in my brain, like digging your fingernails into my skin. I can't stand your voice as much as you mine, but I'll use mine to stop yours, like you to me. A problem that cycles because neither of us can think a rational thought.

Feeling fatigued, perhaps running out of things to say, you lift your bowl and bring it down on the harsh table wood, trying to prove a point. It shatters, and the glass mixes itself with the milk, breaking us out of our haze. Silence falls as you are just as shocked as me. Frozen and avoiding each other's gaze, you leave the room and come back with some towels. I finish my food quickly so I can return to my room.

If it is any consolation, I would have probably given some kind of apology if you'd given me one first. Then again, it's likely I wouldn't have. No, I would have, but after the air conditioning is fixed first.

CREATIVE WORKS

A Thing of the Mind

A.W. Jenkins

SHORT FICTION

A shrill alarm blared through the room, metal sounds bouncing off metal walls. A uniformed man in a chair rolled a coin between his fingers reading *omnes ut unum*—he had no clue what it meant, and didn't care. With a '*thwong*,' the ceiling hatch flipped open and another man with a younger face climbed down the metal rungs of a ladder, jumping the last two onto the outpost's grated steel floor.

"I take that to mean you couldn't turn it off?" droned the sitting man, his words oozing with tired sarcasm. His younger colleague ignored him as he swung open a loose cabinet door, scanning for something that he knew he wouldn't find. Then, he began to pace the room. His movements picked up a frantic air, the kind that comes with an uncomfortable and unavoidable realization.

"We're gonna burn in here."

"Jesus, T3. Don't be so morbid," the older man replied, feeling another bead of sweat stream down between his eyes. The stale air made his chest feel heavy, and it was already becoming difficult to breathe.

"You're not listening to me!" the young man cried out. "I worked in control, Seven, I know how long this takes! We're only an hour out from base. If they got our message at all, they'd already be here!"

It had been exactly four hours since the outpost's cooling unit failed, and three hours and thirty-seven minutes since the two decided to radio for help. Two and a half hours ago, the old dusty desk fan T3 fished out of storage began to rattle violently, four minutes before it shattered into pieces. Two hours and he started to consider the logistics of a journey on foot, though only as a distant possibility. He wished that command had left them a truck, a bike—hell, any vehicle at all. But the war was dragging on now, and a request for supplies deemed 'unnecessary' stood no chance. Besides, what would they need them for? The way their station was run, they never had to leave for anything at all.

Now they both sat still. The cadet's face was tightly drawn, mind lost in thought. He pulled his legs up on the chair and wound his arms around them. Seven looked over his colleague with pity.

"I remember my assignment in the Amazon," he offered, waiting for a glance.

T3 cocked his head to the side.

"Nothing like this. Everything got wet—socks, hair, you name it. And it was hotter than the desert. We got stuck and stranded out there more times than I can count. Not that I can count well, mind you."

"What's your point?"

"They'll come. They always come."

Something creaked in the ceiling, filling the silence between them. That moment was uncomfortably long.

The younger man quietly replied, "But what if they don't?"

Seven thought he might say something, but only managed a sigh. The anxious sound of fingers tapping on desks filled the room, droning and repetitive. His eyes felt heavy. In a moment, he was back in the jungle, legs broken, waiting for a rescue that he thought would never come, water dripping between his eyes like a metronome.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Another bead of sweat ran down the bridge of his nose, and he slipped into a dream.

T3 first came to this ramshackle Saharan outpost from a cushy desk job in the N-Africa control sector. It was a tough transition. The rations were far worse, and there was nothing to do out in the desert but talk to your station-mates, or in his case, *mate*. At the start of every quarter a few mass-market paperbacks would be dropped in as part of their supply package—but the two descended on them each time like a pack of starving dogs, so that never occupied them for more than a week before they had to go back to talking. Seven had a hard time believing that anyone would want to make a transfer like that, no matter the bonus. Who would give up such an easy life for a stint watching dunes form in the middle of nowhere?

As they spent some time together, though, he realized that it likely wasn't a choice. T3 hated every minute of his new station. Evidently, though Seven never asked what exactly happened, his partner just wasn't organized enough to cut it in administration. He found that more believable, but still surprising; after all, T3 was by far the most organized soldier he had ever met.

The young man slipped a ration-pack behind his flares and pushed them both deeper into his bag. Seven snapped awake, drenched in sweat. He watched T3 fish a sheet of paper out from their desk drawer, fold it neatly, and stick it into his coat.

"What the hell are you doing?"

T3 jumped.

"Oh, good. I didn't want to wake you. It seemed like you needed some sleep."

In a swift movement he pulled out the sheet of paper he'd stored away and unfurled it over the desk, pointing to a large red marker. Seven's eyes followed his finger along a set of strangely curved lines to a point labeled *Perma-2.897*, realizing as he shook himself awake that he was looking at a topographic map. T3 had furiously underlined the location of the permanent outpost nearest to their own.

"There is a transient base somewhat closer, but it's in the opposite direction. I figure we'd have a better chance going someplace we know is still around. 897 is about 180 miles due east. We can make that in a bit over a week if we keep a good pace and travel by night. Here, look," T3 gestured, walking away from the table to a large white mass of cloth in the corner of the room.

"I found these thermo-tarps in storage. We can dig a well and string them up in case there's nothing else to sleep under when the sun's out."

Seven pictured himself collapsing behind a dune, his scarred fingers clutching handfuls of white-hot sand. The image made him shake. He knew what would become of them if they dared the journey—T3, for all his planning, had no idea what the desert does to a man. A bit over a week?

By that time, he thought, *the two of us would be nothing but bones*. T3 seemed to sense his hesitation.

"Look, I know it's a long way, but we really don't have a choice. This building is a death trap. You know it, I know it—there's no use kidding ourselves. What do we have to lose?"

Seven replied in a familiarly dismissive tone. "It's a bad idea, kid. You're just gonna get us both killed."

T3 seemed to lose his scientific patience, replaced with a condescending anger. "You aren't listening to me," he asserted. "This place is killing us! If we're going to die anyways, don't you want to go out fighting?"

"Fighting what?" Seven yelled back, "Sand? There's nothing out there to fight. Why do you think they put us here—two soft-skins who couldn't cut it where the real fighting happens?"

He paused for a moment to collect himself, quieting.

"Listen—a man doesn't play the game all his years without figuring out that he has to lose someday. That's the life I chose. If not here, it'd be somewhere else. I'm done fighting. I'm tired."

T3 suddenly grabbed his head with both hands and yelled out. "Tired?! You're *dying!* Of course you feel tired!"

The intensity left both of them speechless for a moment. Seven felt a spark of that same spirit which led him to undergo the conditioning process and join the war so many years before. Back then everything felt like life or death, every thought or belief a sacred thing that had to be fought for—now here he was, facing life or death, and yet the old man still couldn't find it in himself to care.

"I've been tired for a long time, son."

A sudden lethargy washed over the young cadet as he looked over his comrade with pity. Wordlessly, he gathered up his supplies and walked towards the front of their command post. Seven heard the mechanical whirring of the door. He heard the sound of T3 heaving his backpack over the threshold, yet still looked down at his feet. It wasn't until Seven heard the sound of desert wind and sand crunching under boots that he found the strength to turn around and watch the only friend he'd known in years leave him to die.

The young soldier's footsteps were buried as he vanished into the shifting sand. He appeared to Seven behind the clouds of dust like a desert mirage, a thing of the mind. In a moment, nothing remained.

(No) More Tears for the Prince of Darkness

The Enigma of Ozzy Osbourne (RIP)

Burak Batu Tunçel
PERSONAL/CREATIVE

On the 22nd of July this year, the headbanger community was shaken by the loss of one of their genre's beloved founding fathers, Ozzy Osbourne. Launching heavy metal as we know it today in 1970 with Black Sabbath, going on to become one of the world's most notorious shock rock acts, and eventually becoming the angry Brummie guy of reality TV with the Osbournes, it becomes clear that Ozzy was a man with many faces.

For the 80s televangelists, he was the antichrist. For the aspiring musicians who followed the path paved by Sabbath, he was an idol. To some, he was the Prince of Darkness. According to his bass-thumping bandmate and friend Geezer Butler, he was the Prince of Laughter. Once, he was a working man and petty thief from Aston, Birmingham. Only a couple weeks before he was sent off to eternity, he was the on-stage commander of an audience of 40,000 people.

But behind the mystique of the velvet curtains surrounding the Wizard of Ozz, who really was John Michael Osbourne?

The industrial environment did not promise a future filled with bright skies for the youth of Birmingham back in the day: the main careers awaiting them after school would generally be factory work. Born in the Aston area in the winter of '48, John Osbourne was having a hard time fitting in to this predetermined life. While school tried to fulfill its traditional purpose in integrating students into society, the bullying he faced, as well as his then undiagnosed dyslexia, made John realize he just wasn't cast from the same mold as his peers.

Before becoming the man of many faces, even then, he dreamt of himself in another shell, envisioning himself as Paul McCartney in front of the mirror. After his introduction to The Beatles, John slowly started to dream of another life as a musician in the rock 'n' roll world. However, the problem was that he didn't know how to play an instrument, nor did he know anyone who did—besides a bully he knew from school. Nonetheless, he decided to at least win by the looks, so he grew his hair out and learned how to tattoo himself. One day, he spent his entire day at a park, tattooing on his knuckles the name he would be known by for the rest of his life:

"O-Z-Z-Y"

Slowly, he started integrating into the local music scene after sending out signs saying a "professional" vocalist named "Ozzy Zig" was looking for bandmates. In a twist of fate, the person who answered the call was none other than that bully from school, guitarist Tony Iommi and drummer Bill Ward. With the addition of guitarist-turned-bassist Geezer Butler, a heavy blues band was formed which would eventually be named "Black Sabbath."

Like Ozzy, they similarly sought out a life beyond the factory's black veil of smoke. Iommi for instance, worked as a factory worker and had even lost the tips of his fingers in an accident. Nonetheless, he adapted his technique by wearing artificial fingertips and downtuning, which resulted in the formation of the heavy metal sound.

When the sounds of rain, thunder, and distant church bells were heard on the turntable, followed by a guitar riff which resounded the Devil's tritone, listeners were immediately immersed into a darker world of music with Black Sabbath's 1970 debut album. Well – not everyone. The band easily became a target for critics, as their music was labelled as "satanic" or even "monotonous." However, the band's defence would be that if attention was paid to the lyrics, the entire album was filled with warnings against black magic, instead of praise for the devil.

Nevertheless, this notoriety followed Sabbath and Ozzy for the rest of their careers, creating an image they would continuously and simultaneously both construct and deconstruct. The band reportedly hated the positive vibes of the hippie music of the late 60s, and went on to make the opposite of it with darker riffs and heavy-hitting drums. At the same time, Ozzy would come up to the stage throwing out the peace sign while singing the band's anti-war songs like "War Pigs" and "Children of the Grave." The band's lyrics would concern evil and devilish imagery, but while on stage, the band members would be seen wearing the biggest crosses around their necks.

The multifaceted sides of an artist's image carried onto Ozzy's solo career, and arguably launched him as one of the quintessential shock rock figures. With the launch of his solo debut, *Blizzard of Ozz*, he slowly found his way through occult imagery with the legendary song "Mr. Crowley" about cult leader Aleister Crowley. However, beneath the eeriness of the gigantic organs in the beginning and Randy Rhoades' soaring solos, the lyricism was quite skeptical of Crowley's public figure, and whether or not he was a charlatan or someone who actually got lost in the persona he created around him. The same mysticism would go on to surround Ozzy.

Televangelists at the time called his music "the devil's music." In the midst of public controversies surrounding his infamous bat-head-biting incident, drug abuse, and use of horror imagery on his album covers, Ozzy became the enemy of censorship and the conservative mindset.

Nonetheless, he found a way of turning his infamy to his advantage: by fighting back.

Even though the authorship of Ozzy's songs has always been a matter of debate and legal disputes, it is still nonetheless true that many of his lyrics appear to correspond with his artist persona. The song "Rock 'n' Roll Rebel" very overtly makes his intentions clear, "They say I worship the devil / They must be stupid, alright / I'm just a rock 'n' roll rebel." 1987's "Miracle Man" sees Ozzy having the last laugh following the prostitution scandal of his biggest hater, televangelist Jimmy Swaggart, showing the world who the real critic is.

From werewolf costumes to vampire fangs, the fusion of horror and heavy metal remained a mainstay in Ozzy's career. However, another side of the Prince of Darkness was revealed when millions suddenly had access to his home life with the reality show, The Osbournes. Suddenly, in front of the eyes of his fans, Ozzy appeared as a father, a grumpy middle-aged British guy, and a legendary jokester.

While the echoes of screams and laughter still lingered on through stadiums, speakers, TVs, and mobile phones, Ozzy's retirement from touring life inevitably arrived due to his battles with Parkinson's disease. Nonetheless, he made his last triumphant return to the stage with the Back to the Beginning concert, where metal legends gathered to pay their tributes to the reformed Black Sabbath and all the proceedings went to charity for Parkinson's research. Fans report that seeing Ozzy sat on his throne, desperately trying to get up to party, was heartbreaking, but hearts would be breaking twice that night when he sang his most well-known ballad "Mama, I'm Coming Home" with a gravelly delivery.

There was a particular image or sound in everyone's minds and ears when the news of Ozzy's death was revealed. He had a diverse array of personas and distinct yet immediately recognizable voices throughout his career.

The most important thing Ozzy brought vocally to the table for the metal world was being Ozzy. There has never been a voice like Ozzy's, because his influences and (lack of) singing background were so different to the voices we would traditionally associate with metal. In the first Sabbath albums, he sounds like a soul singer, going for a deeper, more dramatic voice. By "Sabbath Bloody Sabbath," he had reached a much higher-pitched channel which captured the energy of his erratic moves on stage.

During his solo career after his dismissal from Sabbath, he found his classic Ozzy voice. A highly expressive voice, balancing devilish low groans and his jokey, almost sarcastic snarl. His voice would remain highly melodic and clean during the songs, which differed in an inexplicable way from other vocalists. He just had one of those voices which you could not mistake.

The Crazy Train has rolled on, controlled by the Hand of Doom, Over the Mountain Into the Void.

They say there's No Rest for the Wicked, but No More Tears from Me.

We'll See You On the Other Side.

Falling for Autumn

Simbarashe S. Mutika

And the flowers dance when they fall
Gracefully flicking and flipping
Elegantly twisting and turning
Landing with a flourish
The way leaves usually do.

And the clouds grow ever more dull
Lazily drifting and dreaming
Reluctantly thinning and fading
Passing by everything
The way rhythms usually do.

And the light rings clear as a bell
Insistently pulsing and beating
Unerringly glowing and dimming
Unfurling no more than enough
The way plans usually do.

And the sounds smell of sunsets
Of ends beginning to ripple
Of falling upwards again.

Roadrunner Blues: A Playlist for the Heat

Eunsae Lee
PLAYLIST

POETRY

Summer Sunset

Kathy Z

Before me, the sun dips towards a sunset
As majestic as a phoenix pet

It soars through the fire
Patrolling its grand empire

Wisps of golden pink emerge from its wings
Dancing with the clouds above a glowing ring

The sky bursts into crimson flames
Sending shimmering embers up into the starry frame

Vibrant colours merge from yellow red pink
All embracing until purple bleeds into the ink

The sky kaleidoscope turns at every second
until all the surroundings are darkened.

The sun melts into the far-away water,
left millions of gold ashes spreading on a mirror.

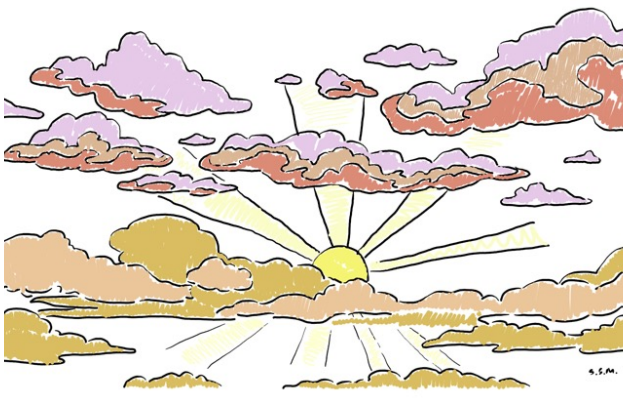
With a swish of its tail, the firebird hides under the earth
The silent indigo stretches for hours until the rebirth

Waves cool down the burning sand,
Welcome people into the ocean away from land.

Side by side with my own angel,
The bell of prosperity whispers from a chapel.

Misty clouds announce the moonrise
A canvas of legends is narrated by starlight.

The peaceful feeling enveloped me,
Forever standing here, just let me be.



I had planned to ditch the city at the first glimpse of summer. The plan was to run off to my park ranger job, live in the woods, and jump into a dark, beautiful lake every night. By May, when temperatures started to crank, every inch of my body was itching to go frolic; there's only so much grey slush and grey skyline a person can take. Before I could split, though, a twist of fate left me with a pair of crutches and a concussion. And so began my slow, simmering summer.

Suddenly, I had four blank months after a dizzying first year of university that felt like a continually mutating self-blueprint: morphing convictions, aspirations, self-definitions, and a ballooning sense of being utterly directionless. The sudden abundance of time to reflect brought on a vertigo that merged with recurrent heatwaves to leave me sizzling in my old twin bed. The heat of summer, I found, doesn't get any less intense when you're holed up indoors.

But I know I'm not alone in feeling lost this summer. Whether you spent it roaming freely under the sun, or scrambling between commitments, or, like me, watching things happen outside, we're living in an in-between. For a lot of us, it's trying to hunt down apartments, seeing friends from home and feeling strangely changed, trying to figure out where people nab all these internships, and trying our best to feel brave and reckless. We are supposed to be actualizing, but not much has fallen into place yet. It's frustrating, and it's scary. There's definitely a need to scream our heads off at the Sun.

Take all that stewing energy and lostness, blend in some rock and electro tones, add some Korean indie, and here's my playlist.

We open strong with the drums of "Go Back" by SE SO NEON, punctuated by a leading note like a whistling kettle. The whole song goes from dreamy to desperate on the breath of that note. When lead singer Hwang So-yoon's smoky voice finally erupts into the chorus, I feel like I'm suspended mid-air. John Grant and Midlake's "Roadrunner Blues," though—that takes you down to the dirt. Low, brutal, and slightly metallic. Then "Kite War" turns everything upside down, starting smooth then letting all hell break loose in saxophone form. But the feverish energy mellows considerably in Night Off's "Today's Weather Was A Failure." For those who don't speak Korean, I think the sound experience perfectly captures the melancholy, questioning lyrics.

translated:

The cat is going somewhere. It's running, busy. The birds are trotting.

Should I make a new resolution? Should I go eat again?

Should I wander through all the alleys in the neighborhood?

The next two songs feel like a love story. Glen Hasard's "I'll Be You, Be Me" is like a sandstorm. "The Flowerpot" by Loveholic is what comes and wraps you up in cool bandages. For me, the two songs feel like mystery, tenderness, and clashing feelings. Next up is "Powder Junkie" by Jealous of the Birds. The rhythm is the bravado borne of too late a night and too many drinks: we don't have it figured out; we sure as hell don't need to. We're young and confused and we don't make sense.

You're so fresh with your pale dark bliss,
those blackjack eyes and tambourine hips

"Salt Lake City" by Etta Marcus and Matt Maltese finds me in my room at some ungodly hour, sentimental and staring at the moon. Their voices come together, haunting but gentle, and it sounds like growing pains. Then, for the finale, John Grant brings us to the ground again with "County Fair." This time, his voice melds childhood nostalgia into an intense surreality. It's summertime, you're at the fair, but on some other, boiling hot planet. As his voice softens to a close, we're left on a feeling of limbo:

We'll ride the Matterhorn and the double Ferris-Wheel
We love to listen to the screams and the squeals
And it's hard to believe that the things we are seeing are real

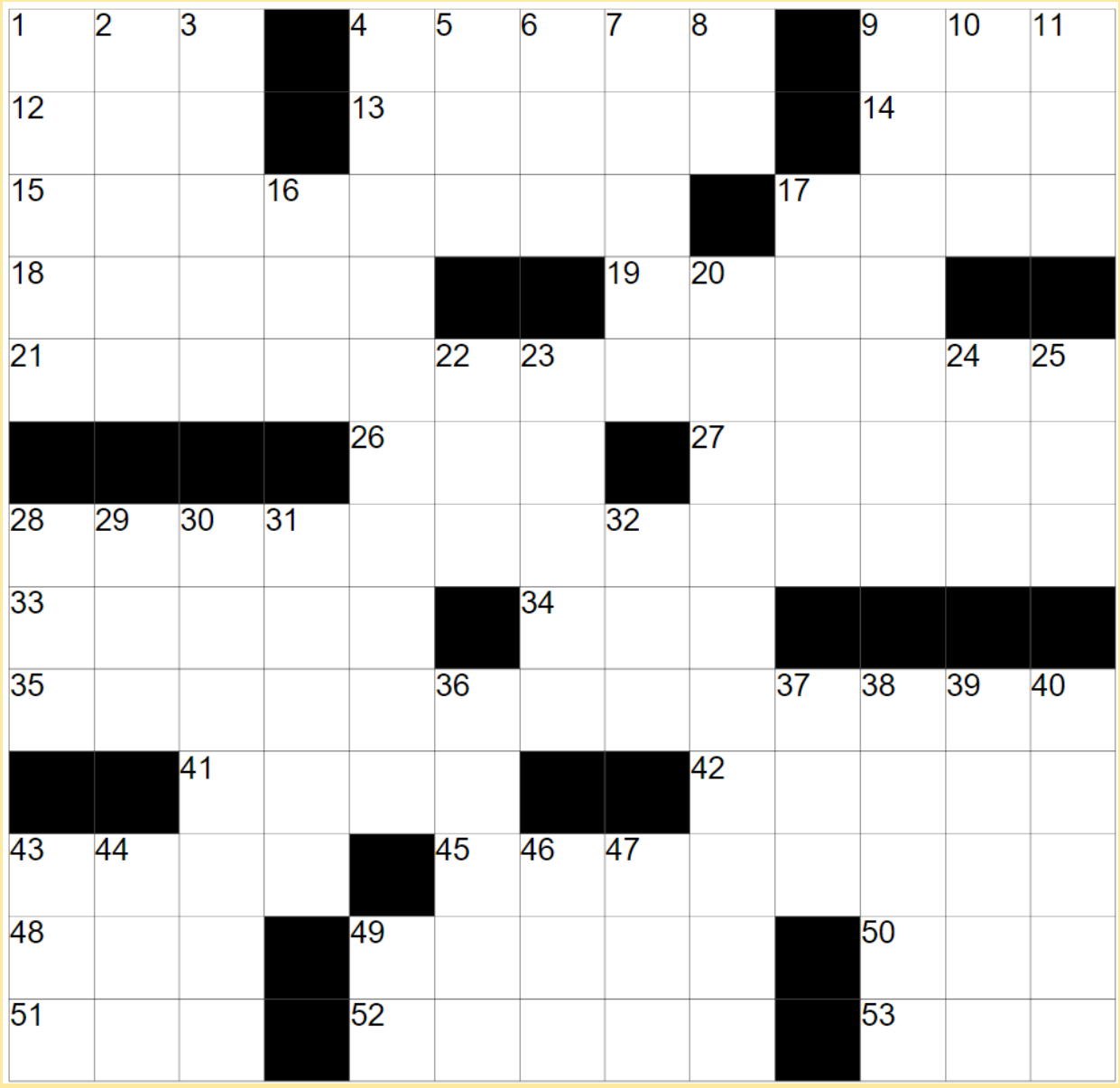
As we approach the last of summer—this limbo or thrilling adventure or whatever—I hope these songs give you a release from the heat, from all the simmering we've been doing. And for all those who spent the summer lost and wandering, let this playlist be an affirmation that time spent wandering is time well spent.

Tracklist:

Go Back (집에) — SE SO NEON
Roadrunner Blues — Midlake, John Grant
Kite War — HYUKOH, Sunset Rollercoaster
Today's Weather Was A Failure (오늘의 날씨는 실패다) — Night Off
I'll Be You, Be Me — Glen Hansard
Flowerpot (화분) — Loveholic
Powder Junkie — Jealous of the Birds
Salt Lake City — Etta Marcus, Matt Maltese
County Fair — John Grant

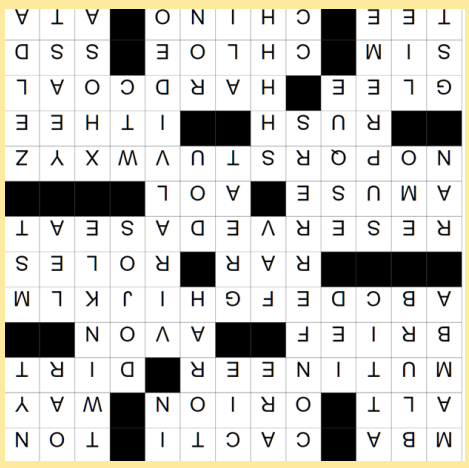
Crossword

By Rick Lu



DOWN

1. Venomous snake
2. Short piece
3. Top floor
4. Ones who bestow
5. Every plural present conjugation of «to be»
6. U of T's study abroad org.
7. Jewish book
8. Fashionable
9. What stars do
10. Boat propeller
11. Daily crossword org.
16. DIY bomb
17. Martial arts locales
20. Like Numa Numa or Charlie Bit My Finger
22. Preferred (abbr.)
23. Alexander or depression descriptor
24. Grassy area
25. AB or YT clock setting
28. Campaigned
29. Sad subculture
30. Type of court
31. Resembling suffix
32. «___yin,» what TikTok is called in China
36. Be quiet!!!!
37. NYC's lost buildings
38. Nelson Mandela's native tongue
39. Bread microorganism
40. Princess of Hyrule
43. Can. tax
44. Utter falsehoods
46. Boxer Muhammad or actor Mahershala
47. Rupert's role in Harry Potter
49. Add to an email



ACROSS

1. Deg. a Rotman student may go on to earn
4. Prickly plants
9. 907.2 kilograms
12. Hipster genre
13. Betelgeuse and Rigel locale
14. Direction
15. Captain disobeyer
17. Gossip
18. Type of case
19. What Shakespeare is the bard of
21. From A
26. Compressed file format
27. Gigs for an actor
28. Bought tickets
33. Entertain
34. Instant messenger org. of old
35. to Z
41. Hurry
42. «With this ring, ___ wed»
43. Musical show
45. Common name for anthracite, a black lustrous fuel
48. Card in your phone
49. Actress Grace Moretz or Sevigny
50. Comp. storage device
51. Golf ball holder
52. Pants material
53. ___ glance

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